Oval Office, 20xx

corporates: We've decided on war.

P: Then it's up to me. Congress will bug out as usual.

c: You can say that it's up to you.

P: Fiction, huh? I'm to do what I'm told?

c: Bingo!

P: There's a small matter of money. We'll have to do it on plastic, with the Chinese buying the debt. Dangerous.

c: Not at all. China is a corporate branch.
Thus we're paying ourselves, well not the country,
the corporations.

P You're raping the nation and you want me to go down in history as the great enabler!

c: Savior! We'll write the history and that's what we'll say. Deniers ending up face down in various bodies of water.

p: A bitter day when you talked me into this office.

c: Happiness consists in not having choices. Your pen?